
ONE
EPISTLE
TO

Mr. *A. POPE*,

OCCASION'D BY

Two Lately Publish'd.

[To be Continued.]

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THE LIST OF

MR. A. P. O. P. E.



London, 18

Two latest editions

[To be Continued]

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Mr. *A. POPE*,

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Two Epistles Lately Published.

*Spiteful he is not, tho' he writ a Satire,
For still there goes some Thinking to Ill-Nature.*

DRYDEN.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ROBERTS, in *Warwick-Lane.*

[Price One Shilling.]

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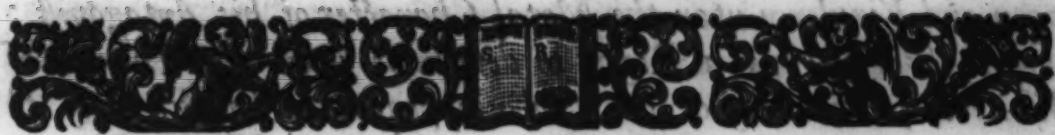
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THE
P R E F A C E.

 HE indecent Images, and the frequent and bad Imitations of the Classics in the Dunciad, have occasioned several just Observations upon so new and coarse a Manner of Writing: I shall wave this Topic at present, and only regard the most plausible Insinuation in Favour of this Author; which is, that he never begun an Attack upon any Person, who had not before, either in Print or private Conversation, endeavour'd something to his Disadvantage.

This Assertion is by no means true, as I shall immediately shew; if it were true, it might indeed bear some Weight, but however with this Distinction, that the Reports of private Conversation,

Conversation, brought to him by such Emissaries, as belong to him, are not always to be believed, and that no Attack in Print upon a Man's Poetical Character, ought to be repaid by Lampoon and Virulence upon the Moral Character of his Antagonist : Every Person has a Right to determine upon the Talents of Writers, particularly of one, who appears in Publick only to gratify the two worst Appetites, that disgrace Human Nature, I mean Malice and Avarice ; and sure no Man deserves a violent Injury to his Reputation, as a Gentleman, because perhaps at a Distance of several Years since he might have said, that Mr. Pope had nothing in him Original as a Writer, that Mr. Tickel greatly excelled him in his Translation of Homer, and many of his Contemporaries in other Branches of Writing, and that he is infinitely inferior to Mr. Phillips in Pastoral : And yet such Arguments or Apologies as these have been used by himself, or his Tea-Table Cabals, for calling Gentlemen Scoundrels, Blockheads, Gareteers, and Beggars, : If he can transmit them to Posterity under such Imputations, he is a bad Man ; if he cannot, he is a bad Writer : I believe, that he would rather suffer under the first Character, than the last : But before I have done with him, I will make a very strict Inquiry into both.

In the mean time I shall shew the Reader, in general, the Falshood of his main Pretence, that he has meddled with no one, that had not before hurt him, and in this View, tho' I should be ashamed of being too serious in a Controversy of this Sort, I think it proper to acquaint the Town with the original Design of the Dunciad, and the real Reasons of its Production. This Piece, which has been honour'd by Booksellers of Quality, contains only the Poetical Part of Dulness, extracted from a Libel, call'd, The Progress of it, and which included several other
Branches

Branches of Science, and perhaps some of those Gentlemen, who have in the warmest Manner asserted the Cause of the Dunciad, might have seen a Publication of a Work, upon the Death of this Writer, in which no past Friendship could have screen'd them from Lampoon for any Pretences to excel in any Science whatever: It appears, therefore, that he was teaz'd into a Publication of these Cantos, which regarded the Writers of the Age, by some Attacks, that were made upon him about that Time: We must refer to a Miscellany of Poems published by Him and Swift, to which is prefix'd, An Essay on the Profund, to consider if those Attacks were justifiable; Mr. Dean Swift never saw the Profund, till made publick, and Dr. Arbuthnot, who originally sketch'd the Design of it, desired that the Initial Letters of Names of the Gentlemen abused might not be inserted, that they might be A or B, or Do or Ro, or any thing of that Nature, which would make this Satire a general one upon any dull Writers in any Age: This was refused by Pope, and he chose rather to treat a Set of Gentlemen as Vermin, Reptiles, &c. at a Time when he had no Provocation to do so, when he had closed his Labours, finish'd his great Subscriptions, and was in a fashionable Degree of Reputation: Several Gentlemen, who are there ranked with the dullest Men, or dullest Beasts, never did appear in Print against him, or say any thing in Conversation which might affect his Character: Some Replies, which were made to the Profund, occasioned the Publication of the Dunciad, which was first of all begun with a general Malice to all Mankind, and now appears under an Excuse of Provocations, which he had received; after he himself had struck the first Blow in the above-mentioned Miscellanies..

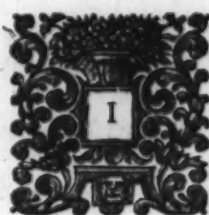
I cannot

I cannot indeed say much in Praise of some Performances, which appear'd against him, and am sorry that *Voluntiers* enter'd into the War, whom I could wish to have been only *Spectators*: But the Cause became so general, that some Gentlemen, who never aim'd at the *Laurel*, grew Poets merely upon their being angry: A *Militia*, in Case of publick Invasion, may perhaps be thought necessary, but yet one could always wish for an Army of regular Troops: I should not have touch'd upon this Circumstance, but to obviate some Imputations, which he had suggested, of my Writing several Pieces, which I never heard of, till I saw them with the rest of the Town: But these Suggestions shall be considered in the Preface to the next Epistle, in which, among other Things, I intend to state several Matters of Fact, in Contradiction to the Notes of the *Dunciad*, particularly as they concern the Writers of the following Poem.





O N E
E P I S T L E
T O
Mr. *A. P O P E*,
O C C A S I O N ' D B Y
Two Lately Publish'd.



F noble *B* — *m*, (*a*) in Metre known,
With Strains has grac'd thee, humble as thy own;
Who (*b*) *G—l—n*'s Dullness did for thine discard,
A better Critick, for as bad a Bard!

Not unregarded let this Tribute be,
Tho' humble, just; well-bred, tho' paid to Thee.

B

Parnassian

Parnassian Groves, and *Twick'nam* Fountains, say,
 What Homage to the Bard shall *Britain* pay !
 The Bard ! that first, from *Dryden's* thrice-glean'd Page,
 Cull'd his low Efforts to Poetic Rage ;
 Nor pillag'd only that unrival'd Strain,
 But rak'd for Couplets * *Chapman* and *Duck-Lane*,
 Has sweat each Cent'ry's Rubbish to explore,
 And plunder'd every Dunce that writ before,
 Catching half Lines, till the tun'd Verse went round,
 Complete, in smooth dull (c) Unity of Sound ;
 Who, stealing Human, scorn'd Celestial Fire,
 And strung to *Smithfield* Airs the † *Hebrew* Lyre ;
 Who taught declining (d) *Wycherley* to doze
 O'er wire-drawn Sense, that tinkled in the Close,
 To lovely *F*——r impious and obscene,
 To mud-born *Naiads* faithfully unclean ;

* A Translator of *Homer*.

† Burlesque of the first *Psalms*, more profest than *Sternbold's*.

Whose raptur'd Nonsense, with Prophetick Skill,
 First taught that Ombre, which fore-ran Quàdrille ;
 Who from the Skies, propitious to the Fair,
 Brought down *Cæcilia*, and sent * *Cloris* there,
 Censur'd by *W—ke*, by *A——ry* blest,
 Prais'd *Sw——t* in Earnest, and sung Heav'n in Jest,
 Here, mov'd by Whim, and there by Envy stung,
 Would flatter *Ch——s*, or would libel † *T——ge*,
 By *F——n* left, by Reverend Linguists hated,
 Now learns to read the *Greek* he once translated.

Oh say, to him what Trophies shall be rais'd,
 That unprovok'd will strike, and fawn unprais'd !
 Each fav'rite Toast who marks, or rising Wit,
 To sketch a Satire, that in Time may fit ;
 Still hopes your Sun-set, while he views your Noon,
 And still broods o'er the closely-kept Lampoon ;

* See Verses, in *P—pe's* Poems, to the Memory of an unfortunate young Lady.

† Sir *W. R.*

The lurking Presents o'er the Tomb he paid,
 And thus atton'd our *British Virgil's* Shade,
 A Mushroom * Satire in his Life conceal'd,
 Since chang'd to Libel, and in Print reveal'd ;
 Who lets not † Beauty base Detraction 'scape,
 And mocks Deformity with *Æsop's* Shape ;
 Who *Cato's* Muse with faithless Sneers belied,
 The Prologue father'd, and the Play decried,
 On ‡ *H—y's* learned Page, dull-sporting trod,
 Betray'd his Patrons, and lampoon'd his God ;
 Translator, Editor, could far out-go
 In *Homer Ogleby*, in *Shakespeare R—*
 O ! how burlesqu'd, great *Dryden*, is thy Strain,
 When little *Alexander* || *slays the Slain* !

* Libel on Mr. *Addison* in *P—pe* and *Sw—t's* Miscellanies.

† Lady *M. W. M.*

‡ Lord *B—p* of *Salisbury*.

|| See *Dryden's* Ode on *St. Cæcilia's* Day:

——— *Fought all his Battles o'er again ;*

——— *And thrice he slew the Slain.*

On, mighty Rhimer, haste new Palms to seize,
 Thy little, envious, angry Genius teize ;
 Let thy weak wilful Head, unrein'd by Art,
 Obey the Dictates of thy flatt'ring Heart ;
 Divide a busy, fretful Life between
 Smut, Libel, Sing-song, Vanity, and Spleen ;
 With long-brew'd Malice warm thy languid Page,
 And urge delirious Nonsense into Rage ;
 Let bawdy Emblems, now, thy Hours beguile ;
 Now, Fustian Epic, aping *Virgil's* Stile ;
 To *Virgil* like, to *Indian* Clay as *Delf*,
 Or *Pulteney*, drawn by *Jervase*, to Herself :
 Rheams heap'd on Rheams, incessant, mayst thou blot,
 A lively, trifling, pert, one knows not what !
 Form thy light Measures, nimbler than the Wind,
 Whilst heavy lingring Sense is left behind ;
 With all thy Might pursue, and all thy Will,
 That unabating Thirst, to scribble still,

Giv'n.

Giv'n at thy Birth! the Poetafter's Gift,

False and unfated as the Eunuch's Lust!

Illustrious Fops, mean time, o'er-rate thy Lays,

And blooming Critics, as they spell thee, praise:

Blest Coupleteer! by blooming Critics read,

At Toilets ogled, and with Sweetmeats fed:

See, lisping Toilets grace thy *Dunciad's* Cause,

And scream their witty Scavenger's Applause,

While powder'd Wits, and lac'd Cabals rehearse

Thy bawdy *Cento*, and thy *Bead-roll* Verse;

Gay, bugled Statesmen on thy Side debate,

And libel'd Blockheads court thee, tho' they hate.

* * * * *

* * * * *

Fools of all Kinds their Suffrages impart,

The Fools of Nature, and the Fools of Art.

These

* * * * *

These in thy threadbare Farce shall Beauties show,
 Shall praise thy ribald Mirth, and maudlin Woe ;
 Praise ev'n thy imitating *Chaucer's* Tales,
 And call that merry * Temple, Fame's *Versailles* :
 Thy ‡ Shepherd-Song with Rapture they shall see,
 Which rivals *Philips*, as *Banks* rivals *Lee* ;
 Thy † *Guernsey* and *Barbados* Wreath shall own,
 Where *Durfey* ne'er was read, nor *Settle* known ;
 That Wreath, that Name, which thro' both Worlds is gone,
 Which Doctor (e) T—— applauds, and *Prestor John*.

Lo ! as *Anchises*, to the Goddess-born,
 So I the Worthies, that thy Page adorn,

* Temple of Fame by P——

‡ P——pe's Pastorals.

† See the Original Preface to the *Dunciad*.

Point out to Thee.—See || here * * * *

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

The Prelate! next, exil'd by cruel Fates,
 Who plagues all Churches, and confounds all States;
 With Treasons past perplex'd, and present Cares;
 A Fop in Rhime, and Bungler in Affairs.

* * * * *
 * * * * *

And here! a Groupe of Brother Quill-men see,
 Co-witlings all, and Demi-bards like Thee;
 Such whom the Muse shall pass with just Disdain,
 Nor add one Trophy to thy mottly Train:
 But Quack *Arb*——t shall Oblivion blot,
 That puzzling, plodding, prating, pedant *Scot*!

|| The Characters left out here may perhaps be inserted in some future Edition of this Poem.

The

The grating Scribler ! whose untun'd Essays
 Mix the *Scotch* Thistle with the *English* Bays,
 By either *Phœbus* pre-ordin'd to Ill,
 The Hand prescribing, or the flattering Quill,
 Who doubly plagues, and boasts two Arts to kill !

'Midst this vain Tribe, that aid thy setting Ray,
 The Muse shall view, but spare ill-fated G—y :
 Poor (f) G—y, who loses most when most he wins,
 And gives his Foes his Fame, and bears their Sins ;
 Who more by Fortune than by Nature curst,
 Yields his best Pieces, and must own *Thy* worst.

Thus prop'd, thy Head with *Grub-street* Zephyrs tainted,
 By (g) *Rich* recorded, and by J—— painted ;
 J—— ! who so refin'd a Rake is reckon'd,
 He breaks all (h) *Sinai's* Laws, except the Second :
 Thus prais'd, thus drawn, t'extend thy Projects try,
 Leave the *Blue* * *Languish*, and the Crimson Sigh ;

* The Phrases distinguished here in *Italics*, are truly quoted from P——pe ;
 and the others in Company with them, ought to be in no other Company.

Leave the gay Epithets that Beauty crown,
 White * *Whitylinda*, and *Brownissa* Brown ;
 Forget awhile (i) *Belinda* and the Sun ;
 Forget the *Fights of Stand*, and *Flights of Run* :
 No more let *Ombre's* Play inspire thy Vein,
 Nor strow with Captive Kings the † *Velvet Plain* ;
 Omit awhile the *Silver Peal* to ring,
 Nor talk dulcissant, nor mellifluous sing,
 Nor hang *suspended*, nor *adherent* cling. }
 But haste to mount Immortal Envy's Throne,
 To crush all Merit, that disputes thy own ;
 For thou wert born to damp each rising Name,
 And hang, like Mildews, on the Growth of Fame ;
 Fame's fairest Blossoms let thy Rancour blast,
 Bane of the modern Laurel, like the past ;
 While stupid Riot stands in Humour's Place,
 And bestial Filth, Humanity's Disgrace,

* See *Dunciad*. *Nigrina* Black.

† Here a Card Table ; in *P—pe*, a Field of Grass.

Low Lewdness, unexcited by Desire,
And all great † *Wilmot's* Vice, without his Fire.

At length, when banish'd *Pallas* shall withdraw,
And Wit's made Treason by the *Popian* Law;
When minor Dunces cease, at length, their Strife,
And own thy Patent to be dull for Life;
By Tricks sustain'd, in Poet-craft compleat,
Retire triumphant to thy *Twick'nam* Seat;
That Seat! the Work of (k) half-paid drudging *Br——me*,
And call'd by joking *Tritons*, *Homer's* Tomb:
There to stale, stol'n, stum Crambo bid adieu,
And sneer the Fops, that thought thy Crambo new;
There, like the *Grecian* Chief, on whom thy Song
Has well reveng'd unhappy *Priam's* Wrong;
Waste, in thy hidden Cave, the Festive Day,
With mock *Machaon*, and *Patroclus* G——

† *Wilmot*, Earl of *Rochester*.

Sleep, (l) Sleep in Peace the Works, for Wapping born !
 No more thy Cuckoo Note shall wake the Morn ;
 In Ease, and Avarice, and aukward State,
The Fool of Fortune, shalt thou hail thy Fate ;
 Slumbring in Quiet o'er Lampoons half writ,
 Which, ripe in Malice, only wait for Wit.

So when *Vanessa* yielded up her Charms,
 The blest *Cadenus* languish'd in her Arms ;
 High, on a Peg, his unbrush'd Beaver hung,
 His Vest unbutton'd, and his God unsung ;
 Raptur'd he lies ; Deans, Authors are forgot,
Wood's Copper Pence, and *Atterbury's* Plot ;
 For her he quits the Tythes of *Patrick's* Fields,
 And all the Levite to the Lover yields.






NOTES

On the Foregoing

POEM.

(a) *If Noble B——m,*

 HE late Duke of *Buckingham* ! who made that fine Alteration of the Tragedy of *Julius Caesar* from *Shakespeare*, and who is said by Mr. *Pope* to have bestow'd the finest Praise upon *Homer* that he ever received, in the following Lines ;

*Read Homer once, and you need read no more ;
For all Things else will be so mean and poor,
Verse will seem Prose : Yet often on him look,
And you will never need another Book.*

D — of B——'s Essay on Poetry.

He has also printed a Copy of Verses in Praise of *Pope*, which were returned by another in Praise of his Grace. There is so great a Similitude in the Stile of these Writers, that the Reader, I think, need not doubt their Sincerity in admiring each other.

'Tis

'Tis great Delight to laugh at some Mens Ways;
But 'tis much greater to give Merit Praise.

D — of B —

Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this Hour, am Friends.

Pope.

(b) Who G — n's Dulness —

Charles Gildon, dismiss'd from the D —'s Pension and Favour, on Account of his Obstinacy in refusing to take the Oaths to P — pe's Supremacy.

(c) Smooth dull Unity of Sound.

P — pe's Reputation for versifying is a vulgar Error, founded only on discreet Theft: Half a Line from Mr. Dryden's *Conquest of Mexico*, and another from his Translation of *Virgil*, have seemingly made tolerable Music, when join'd in his Works; but Music of the *Morocco* Kind, which has but one Note.

(d) Who taught declining Wycherley —

Mr. Wycherley subscribed to a Compliment (some say, before his Death) upon P — pe's Pastorals, in which he says, his *Arcadia speaks the Language of the Mall*, but does not explain, whether he means at Noon or Night. I do not agree with what Mr. Wycherley is supposed to have writ of him, but I do with what he certainly said of him, viz. *That he was not able to make a Suit of Cloaths, but could perhaps turn an old Coat.*

(e) Which Doctor Y —

The Reverend Doctor Edward Young, who, in this Quarrel of the great contending Powers in Poësy, has been courted by all Sides: But some late Incidents give a Suspicion, that he has privately acceded to the *Treaty of Twickenham*.

(f) Poor



(f) *Poor G——, who loses most——*

Mr. Gay, not thought to be the entire Author of the *Beggar's Opera*, and ordered to own *Three Hours after Marriage*.

(g) *By Rich recorded——*

Gilbert Pickering Rich. A great Admirer of *P——pe*, eminent for his Translation of *Horace*, which can be equall'd by nothing but *P——pe's* translating of *Homer*. He concludes the first Ode by giving (*sublimi feriam sidera vertice*) in these Words ;

*I'll bound, I'll spring, I'll strike the weaken'd Pole,
I'll knock so hard, I'll knock thro' it a Hole.*

(h) ——*Breaks all Sinai's Laws except the Second.*

Second Commandment : “ Thou shalt not make the Likeness of any
“ Thing in Heaven above, or on the Earth beneath, or the Waters under
“ the Earth.

(i) *Forget awhile Belinda and the Sun.*

In the *Rape of the Lock*, *Belinda* and the Sun are very often said to be very much alike, which occasion'd two Lines in Praise of that Poem, written by a Friend of Mr. Pope ;

*Here, like the Sun, Belinda strikes the Swain,
In the same Page like the same Sun again.*

Monfieur *Boileau*, speaking of the Poetafters of his Nation, in a Poem to the King, makes this Comparifon the Consummation of Dulnefs ;

Et enfin te compare au Solæil.

And in the End he compares your Majesty to the Sun.

(k) ——*Half-*

(k) ~~Half-paid drudging B~~ me.

The Reverend Mr. ~~B~~ me, who translated a great Part of ~~to me,~~
and construed the Rest: N. B. A half-paid Poet is oftentimes the O ~~asion~~
of an unpaid Taylor.

(l) Sleep; Sleep in Peace

These Lines are a Parody of a famous Passage in the Tragedy of
Phœdra and *Hyppolitus*.

Sleep, Sleep in Peace, ye Monsters of the Wood;
No more my early Horn shall wake

So when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her Arms;

His idle Horn on flagrant Myrtle hung;

His Arrows scatter'd, and his Bow unstring

Obscure in Covert lay his dreaming Hounds,

And bay'd the fancy'd Boar with feeble Sounds:

For nobler Sports he quits the savage Fields,

And all the Hore to the Lover yields.

E I N I S



